

AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

VOL. II. No. 49.

BUFFALO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1856.

WHOLE No. 101.

Spiritual Development.

It would be arrogance and folly for us to pretend to understand and attempt to explain the various modes of operation by which the people of the spirit world effect the spiritual development of incarnate humanity. We can observe what is externally observable of the effect of their interior labor; but they themselves cannot, through the medium of human language, impart to incarnate mind any clear conception of the manner in which they accomplish their glorious achievements in the field of human redemption. We can see the effect of their interior labors, in moral and intellectual improvement, and in spiritual growth and refinement; and we can witness and partially understand some of the external appliances which they bring to bear upon the physical systems of their subjects. We can listen to the lectures on the subject, which they give us through developed media; but the whole rationale of the developing philosophy, cannot be represented by human language, nor comprehended by incarnate minds. Hence it would be presumption for us to pretend to be erudite on the subject. The little which we know, is made up of what we learn by observation, and what we understand of spiritual teaching.

There was a time, anterior to the dark ages which the enlightened nations of the earth passed through, when angels spoke to men, through developed human media; but there is nothing in the history of the past, either from human or angelic authority, which gives any inkling of the manner in which those media were developed. The prophets, as the media of those ages were called, were supposed to be miraculously inspired by God himself, who was also supposed to speak through them personally; whence we have the usual prophetic expression: "Thus saith the Lord."—Many of the less developed media of that day, were influenced and spoken through by spirits on their own plane of development, as is the case at present; and these spirits were supposed to be devils. They were classed with the insane, who were supposed to be possessed of devils. Also those who were subject to epileptic fits, or falling sickness, were supposed to be afflicted with possessing demons. The philosophical ignorance of the people rendered it very difficult for spirits to manifest themselves, except in rare instances, such as in the case of those prophets whose wise sayings and predictions are recorded in the Bible.

Jesus, who was more morally pure and more spiritualized in his nature, than any other ancient medium of whom we have any account, was more easily controlled by spirits of the higher spheres than any other, and, consequently, was the channel of more profound wisdom, more elevated morals and more truthful communications, than any other. From his high development and angelic nature, he had more power to control undeveloped spirits, and to cure human diseases, than any other that we read of in ancient history. Hence his deification by the ignorances of his followers; and hence the abominable dogma, which has come down to the orthodox church of the present day, that he was Almighty God.

Hence, too, the allegation of the officers who were sent to bring him before the Chief Priests; "Never man spoke like this man;" though the best wisdom that he ever received credit for, was that which was spoken by Confucius and other philosophers, from five hundred to a thousand years before he was born.

The enslaved condition of the human mind, after the apostolic age, convinced ministering spirits that humanity was yet too gross and intractable for them to establish the empire of celestial wisdom on earth; and they were compelled to suspend their efforts to open a general communication between the mundane and upper spheres, and confine their operations to the use of silent means, imperceptible to those for whose benefit they labored. The intervention of the dark ages, which resulted from the superstitions inculcated by ignorant and false religious teachers, and the subsequent prevalence of judaized and paganized christianity, farther and still farther procrastinated the intended opening of a general intercourse with mortals, and the establishment of the kingdom of righteousness on earth.

After the discovery of this western world, and the settlement of New England, and the attempt of the refugees from the religious tyrannies of Europe, to establish liberty of conscience and religious toleration, there was another effort made by the inhabitants of the spirit world, to bring the mundane and supra-mundane spirits into intimate communication with each other, and thus institute the golden age on earth. They selected the spot where the pilgrims landed, as the inhabitants there manifested a higher degree of moral and spiritual refinement than those of any other locality, and commenced by developing and controlling human organisms as media, and doing many wonderful things. But the result proved that, however much wiser they were than those to whom they ministered, they were not omniscient; for the latent spirit of religious bigotry and superstition was instantly aroused; the cry of witchcraft was raised, and a scene of ecclesiastical and judicial persecution followed, which fairly threw the cruel reign of Bloody Mary into the shade. Hanging, drowning and burning media, for the practice of witchcraft, was carried to such an extent, that the revolutionizing bands from the spirit realm, in mercy, withdrew their influence, and once more postponed their efforts of love, till those fatal enemies of human advancement, Ignorance, Superstition and Bigotry, should give place to knowledge, liberality and a more elevated philosophy.

We have assumed the fact that the celestial operators who made this effort in the seventeenth century, did not know, before hand, the effect which the attempt would produce, and drew the inference therefrom, for the benefit of unspiritualized minds, that spirits are not omniscient. In saying this, we do not intend to deny that spirits from earth, on the archangelic plane, can look thousands of years into futurity, and could then perceive that those below them, who were engaged in this work of love, would fail in the establishment of the intimate intercourse which they aimed at. If so, it would seem to the finite reason of humanity, that they should

have interposed their wisdom to prevent the attempt and save the persecuted ones from the suffering and death which were the consequence. But infinite wisdom may have seen a salutary lesson, in the effect and the result, both to incarnate humanity and the spirits engaged, which would produce a happy influence, in all future time; and the lives which were sacrificed only removed a few spirits from earth to heaven, a mere modicum of time earlier than the regular operations of nature would have effected the same thing.

We are taught, by communicating spirits, that the spirit world is truly democratic, and that, although spirits below the prophetic plane are advised by their superiors in elevation, they are left at liberty to learn wisdom by experience, in all cases in which they are not satisfied with the counsel which they receive. Hence they are liable to failures, as the minds of earth are when they do not choose to adopt the course of conduct recommended by their more experienced and enlightened fellow men. Perfect liberty of action, and no compulsion, characterize the social relations of the spirit sealm. It is to be remarked, in all the manifestations and communications which we receive from spirits, that there is nothing unnatural in the spirit world; but every thing in the spiritual economy, is in perfect harmony with those natural laws, the A B C of which we learn by experience and tuition, in this sphere.

The result of their effort in the most enlightened portion of the new world, proved to the circle of operating spirits, that even there, the general plane of human mind was too low to be made receptive to their influences—that, although they had fled from the spirit of bigotry and persecution in the old world, they had brought the germ with them, latent in their interior organisms—that ignorance and wild superstition, made still more wild and uncontrollable by the wildness of surrounding nature and the savage tribes by which they were environed; and, as we have remarked, they stopped their proceedings and looked forward to a more enlightened era, when they would renew their efforts under more favorable auspices.

The lapse of two centuries, during which they labored continuously, though silently and imperceptibly to incarnate humanity, wrought such a change in the intellectual condition of the nation, particularly in the more cultivated sections of the country—so elevated the general plane of mind throughout all the ramifications of society—so exposed the unlovely features of false theology and religious superstition—so modelled the civil institutions of the country—so refined the elements of social life among the ruling classes, that they found a majority freed from the fetters of bigotry, relieved from the blinding and besotting influence of superstition, and awake to the teachings of philosophy, science, and rational theism. Then, very nearly at the expiration of two hundred years from the commencement of their unsuccessful effort at Salem, they gave the *alpha* of the flood of spiritual intercourse and literature, with which they are now electrifying all the civilized nations of the earth.

In this last and eminently successful effort of our celestial revolutionists, it will be seen how well they have profited by experience, and how true it is that spirits progress in wisdom and knowledge continually, after their transition to the spirit life. Nothing can be more characteristic of prudent wisdom than the cautious manner in which they commenced the present glorious campaign, in which, with the science of spiritualistic development, with the manifestations of physical power, with the evidences of superhuman intelligence, and with the logic, philosophy, science and eloquence

of immortal minds, they confound sophistry, light up the dark chambers of ignorance, dispel superstition, crush bigotry, and put error to flight, wherever they can get access to human senses and intellects.

A single spirit from the infinite millions engaged in the enterprise, was commissioned to rap gently at the door of humanity, in Rochester, where they had discovered a family, several members of which possessed the idiocratic qualities necessary to such mediumship as rendered their approach and operations feasible. So cautiously did that spirit discharge the duties of its mission, that those whose senses were addressed, had their curiosity excited rather than their superstitious fears. It was a softly ticking sound, which elicited inquiry and stimulated investigation, without giving the least alarm. And it was thus continued, till whatever of trepidation it excited in the youngest and most timid member of the family, had totally subsided, and they all became familiar with it, before it took measures to convince them that it possessed intelligence. And this evidence it gave but now and then, filling up the intervals with unmeaning manifestations, so that the mediums were held in doubt, till they ardently desired to have conclusive evidence that they were not deceived with regard to the intelligence which they supposed they had detected. In this manner they opened a familiar intercourse of intelligence with this family, without arousing in them any other sensation than a spirit of inquisitiveness; to which was added a feeling of gratification that they, above all others, were made the recipients of intelligence from the unseen world.

From this family, the intelligence that spirits were manifesting their presence, spread to other families, who disbelieved, went to investigate, suspected fraud, watched every motion, were confounded when no trick could be detected, and went away convinced of the truth. These communicated the wonderful intelligence to others, each one having his circle of friends and acquaintances as numerous as those of the first family. So it spread with the accelerating speed of a ten-fold ratio, which, if all could have investigated and been convinced, would have spread conviction with an unhealthy rapidity. Indeed, people would have left their employments and done nothing but listen to the messages from the spirit world, but for the incredulity and positive skepticism which the swiftly circulating wonder had to encounter in its flight from house to house, from neighborhood to neighborhood, from city to city, and from state to state.

Now compare this process of introducing the Spiritual phenomena to the minds of earth, with the incautious manner in which Spiritual media were developed and used for manifestations, in the seventeenth century, and the progress of wisdom manifested by communicating spirits, will be apparent. Then they sought out those who were impressible and controllable, from idiocratic qualities, and brought them out at once, amid the wonder and consternation of superstitious hundreds, who were ready to cry, witchcraft! sorcery! devils! catch 'em! tie 'em! shoot 'em! hang 'em! burn 'em! crucify them!! Spirits though they were, they did not sufficiently understand the nature of man, in the thrall of bigotry and in the darkness of ignorance and superstition.

O, what a blessing it would be, exclaim many rejoicing but unreflecting converts to the Spiritual philosophy, if the truths of the skies could be brought home to the knowledge of all, and there are no salaried clergyman, popularity-seeking journalist, or unprogressive sectarist, to oppose it with their clamor, or to throw obstacles in its way. Thanks to that infinite wisdom which is

manifest in the constitution of nature, that those prayers, though fervent, and proceeding from honest hearts and righteous minds, were not available to produce the state of things desired. Such is the nature of impetuous mind, that when it has a great boon in view, whether real or ideal, it will pursue it with such ungovernable ardor that no consideration of the obligatory duties of life, nor any thought of prudence or wise economy, will restrain it, without the salutary checks which are furnished by those obstructions and difficulties of accomplishment, which are ever thrown in the way of ardent temperaments, and which serve to occupy inordinate zeal with arduous labor, till sobered reflection has time to consult common sense, prudence and philosophy. So long had the mind of Christendom writhed with tormenting fears for the threatened damnation and eternal misery of the future—so many thousands and tens of thousands of horrifying death-bed scenes had been witnessed by surviving friends—so many hundreds and thousands of minds had been thrown from their balance and plunged into the dark gulf of insanity, in endeavoring to reconcile infinite wisdom and goodness with infinite vengeance and unrelenting cruelty—so many millions of the best minds of Christendom had been compelled to reject the idea of a future life and the existence of a God, and accept the cold, the repulsive, the appalling philosophy of atheism and annihilation, on account of the infinitely less rational dogmatisms of modern orthodox christianity, that the Spiritual gospel, when its truths became manifest to minds thus long tortured and corroded, had such an enrapturing effect, that starvation from neglect of the duties pertaining to corporal existence, would seem to exercise no restraining effect upon their zeal in the cause. Death in any shape, lost the keen edge of its terrors; and they seemed to regard every other earthly consideration as nothing, compared with the propagation of the infinitely important truth of which they had become possessed. Hence the great necessity that the law of steady and gradual progress should govern the substitution of the Spiritual philosophy for the doctrines of Deific vengeance, decoying devils, damnation and eternal misery. And hence the necessity for a clergy wedded to materialism, and regardful of their salaries as the great one thing needful; for journals filled with abusive and senseless tirades against Spiritualists and Spiritualism; for a non-progressive religious laity, who repudiate their own reason, and look to the clergy for direction in all matters relative to their future existence and their preparation to meet their change; and for minds on the lower planes, who ignorantly and maliciously scout and scorn at all progressive philosophy, and ridicule every thing which they have not the capacity to understand.

Labor is necessary to the health and growth of the physical system, but no more necessary than it is to the health and growth of the soul. Every thing that is obtained and enjoyed, has to be labored for, by some body. If a man live without industry, a mere looker on in this world, he lives upon the labor of some one else who is more industrious and a better man than he is. No matter how wealthy he is—what he lives upon and sets himself up above others with, is the fruit of somebody's labor; and he chooses the position of a worthless supernumerary. It is not necessary that every one should dig in the ground, or use the jack-plain or fore-hammer; but every one must labor in some way, or have no physical stamina and no soul but a starveling, scarcely worth saving or damning. It is, therefore, necessary that Spiritualists should be opposed in their efforts to propagate the Spiritual philosophy. It is necessary that they should encounter difficulties.

It is necessary to the diffusion and enjoyment of the Spiritual gospel, that the knowledge of it and the possession of its advantages should be labored for; and, hence, no one should be hated for interposing obstacles which require labor to surmount. The spirits have succeeded in opening a communication with men, which will never be closed as long as man renders himself worthy of the privilege. But spirits will never consent to be made drudges for their mortal friends, to furnish them the means of physical or intellectual sustenance, which they can obtain with their own exertions. If they should, humanity would soon degenerate to pygmean capacity, physically, intellectually and spiritually. And let it be expressly understood, that he or she who does not labor in this life, for self and for others, will have to commence labor on the other side of Jordan, and do their quota, under far more difficult circumstances; and whilst they are doing that which they should have done in this life, they will have the mortification to see those who were industrious here, soaring way above them, and leaving them grovelling and toiling, or stubbornly suffering shame and deprivation. Nothing is to be had or enjoyed, in earth or heaven, without the industry of the recipient spirit. But when the soul, either here or there, makes an effort to help itself, the act itself attracts aid, and success is as certain as the effort.

Let no one flatter himself that the necessity for opposition to the progress of the Spiritual philosophy, will render the act of opposing, dispising, denouncing, calumniating and persecuting Spiritualists any the less harmful to himself. If, in the economy of a man's organization, it should be necessary that he should be bitten by a dog, which might be the case, would it be a desirable condition of existence, to be the dog that bites him? The man or the woman who takes the position of calumniator and persecutor, does so, not with a purpose to do them ultimate good, but because they have neglected the self-culture which would have elevated them to a more honorable and more happy condition and position; and nature's irrepealable and unevadable law sternly demands that they shall suffer for it; and they must be redeemed by suffering and by repentance and good works, for there is no other means of redemption.

There is evidence of the wisdom which the progressive labor of spirits brings to them, in the manner in which media are now developed, compared with the course which they pursued when they were unsuccessful. Instead of making choice of one here and one there, whom they could influence and press into their immediate service, as was done in the seventeenth century, they now take those in whom they find the germ of mediumship, and bring it up through the gradations of development, to a degree of maturity sufficient to be used in the transmission of intelligence to incarnate investigators. There being an infinitude of disembodied spirits who are anxious to make their presence known to surviving friends, and to endeavor to communicate, it is but natural that they should use all opportunities to control media that are developed, and to develop the germ of mediumship wherever they discover it, if it be but in contortions and jerks, slapping of hands and capering around the rooms in which circles are held. And although such things appear like foolishness, if not insanity, to skeptical beholders, we are taught by those who know, and we partly understand, that all these are means necessary to development, and have their uses in various ways. The demand for media, both by mortal investigators and by spirits who anxiously seek opportunities to communicate, is so great that the process of development is carried on with continual increase of numbers and assiduousness of application.

Every spirit that can do so, seeks out a subject to operate through, and trains it for himself, according to his own development and capacity; but all have to act in obedience to the improved plan of development—commencing at the A of the science, in accordance with nature's law, and proceeding upwards, step by step.

Each spirit is attracted to its intellectual, moral and religious affinity in the earth life. Ignorance attracts ignorance; vice attracts vice; folly attracts folly; and so wisdom attracts wisdom; purity attracts purity; truth attracts truth. Hence the infinite variety of communications and incongruous teachings which we receive. And all this is beneficial; for, whilst it does no other good as spiritual intercourse, than the abstract evidence which it affords that spirits do communicate, it furnishes labor for the investigating spirit, who has to use its own discriminating faculties, to distinguish between the true, which comes from wisdom, and the false, which comes from ignorance. And, besides, it causes the investigating world to walk cautiously—teaches them to take nothing for truth, merely because it comes from an enlarged spirit, but to act deliberately, taking time to reflect coolly on all the circumstances, and carefully weighing probabilities.

This necessary caution and carefully discriminating observation and reflection, take time, and keep the stream of converts which is continually swelling the numerical forces of the Spiritual fraternity, within the banks of safety, that they can be spiritually digested as they are received; for, be it understood, though every Spiritualist must be a believer, it does not follow that every believer is a Spiritualist. These health-promoting difficulties in the way of investigation, together with the oppositions, slanders and persecutions above alluded to, operate as safety valves for the powerful effervescence and swelling ebullition of the spirit of inquiry, which is abroad in the world. As the gage, or shoe, under the hopper of the grist-mill, so regulates the stream of grain that the grinding machinery can do its work thoroughly, without being clogged and stopped, so these impeding circumstances operate upon the process of spiritual development and propagation. And should Spiritualists hate or dispise any of the causes which are so necessary to the successful and healthful propagation of their beautiful and heaven-derived philosophy and religion? Let it never be said.

We will close this article by inviting the reader's attention to the seeming miracles described in another article, as specimens of the wonderful manifestations of science, which spirits have been enabled to produce in circles of human investigators, in this early stage of Spiritual development. Judging by this, what will disembodied spirits be enabled to accomplish, when media are developed to the ultimate of their idiocratic capabilities, and when audiences can be thoroughly harmonized. Truly, the thought is startling—almost bewildering.

Extraordinary phases of Spiritual Manifestations.

One evening last week, we attended a seance at DAVENPORT'S rooms, where, according to spirit promise, we were to have something beyond the ordinary routine of manifestations. There was a pretty numerous attendance, and the spirits went through with their usual exhibitions, such as carrying the instruments about, over the heads of the audience, and thrumming them as they went; slamming things around and speaking through the trumpet. All these we had heard so frequently that they had lost their exciting influence upon us, and we began to think there was nothing coming of an extraordinary character. At length they called for light and

air; which was furnished by lighting a lamp and opening the door and windows.

When the room was sufficiently aired, Jonny King, the presiding spirit of that institution, called upon some persons who were strangers and skeptics, to tie the mediums' hands behind them and fasten them to their chairs. This was done with a hearty good will; for it seemed that they had no notion of being deceived by the hands of the mediums being untied. This done, a number of us were called to see that it was well done. We went, examined and were satisfied. The next thing in order, the spirits directed that a cord should be run through the button-holes of all the gentlemen's coats, leaving two ladies, who were of the skeptical company, loose in the center of the crescent which the company formed. The two ends of this cord were taken from the wings of the audience, to the two ladies in the center, who took charge of them, so that it was impossible for any one to leave the ranks without its being known to the whole company. All being ready, the door was locked and the light extinguished.

Jonny required the circle to join hands and keep silent. The next that was heard were the usual sounds produced in tuning a violin, which was continued for some minutes, when he seemed to mount to the ceiling of the room, fiddle and bow in hand, and commenced playing in a manner which he had never attempted before since he was disencumbered of his earthly form. He played six different tunes in as artistic a manner as most of mortal violinists could play them. These were, Lily Dale, Bonaparte's March, Russian March, Soldier's Joy, Rory O'More, and Pop Goes the Weasle. He attempted Yankee Doodle, but did not succeed with that so well. In the execution of the first six pieces, he seemed to handle the bow as dextrously as Ole Bull himself; and, as far as our ear could detect, did not miss a note.

Jonny gave out that he would do things which would astonish us more than his playing the violin had; and for the purpose of proving it, appointed the succeeding Friday evening for the test. Friday evening came. A company assembled which more than filled all the seats in the room, and more had to be procured, till there were sixty or more seated. The usual preliminary manifestations were gone through with; after which, as before, persons were chosen from among the circle to tie the medium's hands behind them, and carry the ends of the ropes down to the lowest rungs of their chairs and fasten them there. We carefully examined the tying and found the cords had been wound round and round their wrists, and then tied and woven in and out, and tied again, so that it must occupy from two to five minutes to free the hands of one of them. Then the company were again strung on the long cord, and some were chosen to hold the ends of the cord.

These preparations made, the door was locked, the windows shut, and the light extinguished. Again Jonny mounted aloft with his violin. Again he went through the process of tuning, occasionally addressing different individuals of the company, with crank questions and keen witticisms, through the trumpet, as the sounds seemed to indicate. Then came the music, as on the previous evening. But the weather was so warm and the room so crowded that the conditions were very unfavorable, so that Jonny could not execute some of the more difficult pieces as artistically as he did on the previous occasion; but the most of them were well played.

At the close of the musical performance, Jonny called for light

and air; and we had an interval and something of a chat. Jonny directed the door and windows to be closed and the light extinguished. This done, he observed that it was very warm for the boys to sit there with their coats on and their hands tied. Some one called out: Pull them off, Jonny. What, said he, with their hands tied? The answer was: Yes, if you can. May be, said Jonny, you would like to have the experiment tried. Yes, was the answer from several of the company. Make a light and open the windows, said Jonny, and examine the ropes on the boys' hands. This was complied with; and we examined every rope carefully, and found them fast as ever. Now shut the windows and put the light out, said Jonny. The windows were closed and the light extinguished, and five seconds did not pass before two of the boys cried out, one after the other: My coat is off—and as they did so the coats were thrown into the laps of some individuals of the circle. The light was instantly struck, and we again examined the hands and ropes. The coats were off, but the ropes were on as tight as ever, and in the same complicated knots. Some body then observed to Jonny that if he would put the coats on again, without untying the ropes, they would never doubt again. Jonny made some reply which we did not understand; but he soon ordered the windows closed and the light extinguished. From the time the light was put out, it did not seem to be more than one second before one of the boys cried out: My coat is on; and not more than another second before the other said the same. The lamp was lighted, and we again examined the hands, the ropes and the knots, and all were exactly in the condition that they were in before, excepting that the coats were on and as whole as ever. And we will give our word of honor, that, from the time the light was last extinguished till both coats were on and the light was made again, it was not half a minute.

Whilst we were all sitting in astonishment at these seeming miracles, a spirit took possession of Dr. BROOKIE, who was present, and gave us a philosophical description of the manner in which the music was made, and assured us that every thing which we had witnessed, had been done in accordance with natural laws.—He said the seeming miracle of the coats, would be plain to the philosophical mind, when it was sufficiently developed to understand it; but, in the present state of spiritual development, he could not make us comprehend the mode of operation, by which it was done. He gave us to understand, however, that not only this, but all other phenomenal manifestations, were produced by the use of the electrical and magnetic forces, which were generated by the mediums, with the aid of the circle of human organisms and the battery of spirit above them; all wielded by the wonderful will-power of the manifesting spirits. When this spirit ceased speaking, Professor DAYTON controlled brother FORSTER, and corroborated what the first one said. He then launched out into a philosophical lecture of some length and great eloquence; but he did not attempt to give us the philosophy of the coat manifestations; for which we were sorry.

We received an impression of the manner in which that masterpiece of spiritual manifestation was accomplished; but whether true or false, we cannot say. It is known to many thousands of investigators, that manifesting spirits have the power to produce human hands, of any size and color, by collecting and condensing atomic particles, from the atmosphere. This fact being established, beyond contradiction or doubt, we see no reason why, by the use of the same agencies, the will-power of Jonny could not so

condense the particles of matter in those hands and arms, as to enable him to slip them out of the ropes and the coats, and back into the ropes again, as easily as to form hands. This is our philosophy on the subject. If there be any more rational, we should like to hear it.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We whose names are hereunto appended, do certify that all the facts above stated, so far, at least, as pertains to the last named meeting, are true in every respect.

W. G. OLIVER,	S. ALBRO,
GEO. B. CRANE,	AMOS WEBB,
LESTER BROOKS,	MISS SARAH F. BROOKS,
A. WEBSTER,	T. HUSTED,
DR. GEO. HASKALL, (Rockford, Ill.)	ELIZABETH HUSTED,
THOMAS GALES FORSTER,	I. H. NEAL,
MRS. M. LINDEN,	J. F. ROWLEY,
MRS. A. F. BOND,	MRS. ROWLEY,
MRS. S. A. LYNCH,	JAMES HONEYSETT, Jr.
MISS VIRGINIA BRYAN,	MRS. E. WEBSTER,
JOHN TATE,	DR. J. BROOKIE, (St. Louis, Mo.)
J. B. BUTTON,	H. S. SPARKS,
JAMES C. GIBSON,	MRS. CAROLINE GIBSON,
B. S. BROWN,	H. F. BRIGGS,
N. W. KENTON,	MRS. M. E. BRIGGS,
MRS. KENTON,	MRS. E. B. HALL, (of Lockport,)
A. PRESTON DUNLAP,	J. A. MURRAY,
MISS MARY A. MURRAY,	MISS LOUISA A. MURRAY.

Lecture by E. C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

Man, inspired with heavenly charity and his soul gleaming with the beneficence natural to his being, can make a world of happiness for himself, and a universe of unalloyed joy for those with whom he is called to associate; while moral reason shall o'erflow and harmonize his soul, and the living testimony of human experience teach him whether 'tis better to live a life of native goodness and purity, or to go over the bosom of human life, leaving traces of bigotry, distrust and fanaticism, on its gilded glories. And as from out the caverns drear of human woe, whose scorching madness desolates and defiles the soul of man, there come tones of misery, yet every heart hath within its own divine capacities, something of heaven; and its existence is fed from God, and in its hand the lily-bloom waves beneath His infinite breath, as the tides of pure and holy emotion roll in nobler undulations, through the chambers of the soul's bright reason, where the image of Deity exists, effulgent with truth, and the angel of charity whispers, "Father, thy will be done."

The music speaking from the soul of nature, bids man seek for himself the divine assurance of his future existence, and asks no soul, clothed in the papal robe of priestly power, with strains of eloquence, to prove his eternal life a fact; but his soul must brighten 'neath the foot-prints of God's love, and reflect the heaven of bliss from above; and from each thought find positive evidence of his immortality. And the majesty of heaven, the dazzling splendors of eternity, the faint omnipotence of God in nature and all of the subordinates of life and existence, sweep past the vision of man, shedding fitful gleams upon the jewelled brow of his soul, and trailing, as they whirl along their flight, path-ways of splendor, till the boundless space o'erhanging your earth, is wrapped in a robe of gorgeous brilliancy.

As eternity has cast its spangled blazonry around the mystical shores of earth, and the still countless myriads of ones in their dazzling beauty, come forth to be living identities in the spaces of infinitude, yet the quivering strings of hope eternal, stirred by the diapason of true Liberty's hymn, roll out from their mighty infinite deep, to lighten the shady

avenues of disappointment, and to breathe a medicine in the air, which shall produce harmony from the jarring voice of discord, and from the dark storm-cloud of prejudice, produce the sunshine of peace. The soul hath long, Oh! too long, been marred by the bitter curse that hath flowed from past misdirection; yet God's justice hath lightened the heart; and though change hath often laid waste our dearest feelings, and existence oft seems desolate and cold, yet the air breathes a balm, and the solace of hope beyond the tomb thrills our hearts. In the broad magnificent ocean, surging in its wild foam, dashing fearfully against its rocky shore, bounding in the madness of its storms and in the fierce howling tempest, rushing on in desolating tones, shows the power of God—expresses his tender care, and proclaims his boundless goodness and exhaustless love, in every fearful change of nature. The low music of the stars in its mysterious art, extensive as the encircling sun, shall spread its bright wings and reach the touchless strings of the human heart, that hope can never tire; for from its viewless home, where loved ones smile again, hope is written on the sun-light altar of heaven, and finds its response from every animated bosom of creation. It is cut from the living rock of human experience and is graven on the tablets of paradise. It comes up from the hidden recesses of antiquity, and in awe-inspiring solitude and grandeur, casts the hope of heaven along the shores of oblivion, to the present age, though it has been greatly corroded by the elements of the desert of bigotry.

Human life is but a moment in time, an atom in immensity, and but a shadow midst the enduring and eternal realities of heaven; a breath of life, 'midst the eternity of undying eternities, that sparkle on the shores of infinity.

The dead, where are they? and why the pale cheek, the placid brow and the sweet serenity of the parting soul? Ah! 'tis the hand of God, chiseling from gross matter the soul-diamond of immortality. It is but the unclathing of the mortal body—the disembodiment of the soul, whose home is heaven, and whose heaven is eternal harmony. And as we, from reason and indisputable facts, know that each human soul hath, within the precincts of its own bosom, a chamber of thought and purity, it displays a grandeur of distinction which exceeds the noblest comprehension of earth, and proves from immutable truths, that earth, without spirit, would be an idle waste, a mute and unconscious mass of gross materialism.

While we contemplate the abiding instincts of the soul, we know that outward distinction hath no affinity with an immortal life, and that the poor man of this world, will be as nobly beautiful in heaven as the man of wealth and pride, and that in his own bosom resides an undying principle; and he feels, too, that there is an end'less futurity before him. Thought cannot be imprisoned, but, pulsating with joy and inexpressible desire, becomes associated with love, the holy attraction of all beauty, and the repulsion of all deformities and discords in life.—And while the mind, in thought, sends its response back to God, the flowers also consociate and exhale their fragrance, and thus give forth their atmosphere to the congenial elements of immensity. But affection alone is the mainspring of finite and infinite association. Like a jewel, it decorates the interior sanctuary of the human heart; and how free and pure is that beating world of love, if the hand of slavery hath not torn it from its native place. And in the stupendous totality of things, there is a vast, infinite arrangement, in the eternal and external individuality of objects and creations, and wherever found, in heaven or on earth, it is based upon the elements of affection. And in the highest concentration of unity in the grand and harmonious order of nature's laws, but one principle holds them indissolubly together. It is written on the waving leaf and on the streamlet, on the soul of man and in the heart of God, and in every sound of nature finds its echo. It is the principle of love, pure and true heavenly affection. It is the focus of human happiness and the centre of human misery. It is the great heart of God, deposited in the vortical sensorium of life, beating and throbbing with justice and unity, blending together matter and the moving principles of causation that lie within its own bosom. And

while hope has brightened the mind of humanity, human thought hath partially lifted the veil that hath so long concealed the truths of heaven from the eager minds of the world, and through the mythological and antiquated errors of time now past, darkness and ignorance has environed the mind of the sojourner; yet reason and scientific philosophy have dazzled in brightness, from the zenith of moral philanthropy, and heroism and the present age, to-day stands as an evidence of the resurrection of the intellect, which has imperceptibly risen from the past, in the full glory of its truths and in the honor of its purity and goodness.

Theology and philosophy have long been at war with each other.—They have been recognized by man as two definite principles in the moral, religious and philosophic departments of human experience; and while one would truly bring forth from nature the legitimate facts, the results of infinite causes, the other has boldly disputed the results of reason, and forbid to give God the nobler qualities and characteristics which belong infinitely to his constitution, and are wisely and truly demonstrated in every change of nature. And when we deny philosophy, we deny religion and our God. When we dispute the results of science, and baffle in discord with the deep rooted sectarianism generated from a mis-interpretation of the alleged word of God, we defame the altar of religion, degrade the high and holy standard of philosophic truth, and blemish the great fundamental basis of all the principles in the broad universe of science. And though we may, with unprejudiced and philosophical understandings, strive to convince another of our belief and religion, yet unless the conviction of any mind be based upon self evidence, self reason, and thus followed to its legitimate terminations, we might as well strive to make a world out of a rock, and a rock out of mind or spirit; for such effects require specific causes.

That there is a life hereafter, no mind will reasonably deny, as it is incontestably established, and is beyond all possibility of refutation; and daily and even hourly, minds are constantly coming forward, daring to acknowledge their recognition of the beauty and magnificence of the thought and fact of a home in heaven. And perpetually through successive modifications and assimilations of the vague ideas of a future existence, eliminated from misapplied conceptions, minds are being evolved from the anvil and carpenter's shop, to the high and noble occupation of disseminating truths, handed down by angels from heaven, through every avenue of life, whether they be characterized by the sunlight of goodness, or by the darkness of sin. And they who reject the light of eternity, and use language against heaven, that is so blackening that it casts a shadow on God's face, reject the whole evidence contained in the biblical interpretations of the knowledge and wisdom of a Supreme Father. And in all the mechanical, as well as intellectual investigations of man, he beholds a congenial radiation indelibly enstamped upon constitutions and organizations, in every agitation of their being caused by the mechanical processes of organic life; and science ever, in its wildest flights of reason, is associated with the mechanical powers of existence. Every creature, however minute or insignificant, is moved on in the progress of being, by the mechanical action established firmly upon the foundation of nature. And mind contains the same indisputable principles, and revolves in actional and motional processes around the centre of its own selfhood. Mind has a focus around which the physical, as an independent construction, though intimately associated, may revolve, and a centre around which the soul revolves as an independent selfhood. And the qualities of the mind are like the stars of night, some bright and effulgent, while others are yet dim and shadowy, sending forth but faint glimmerings of their existence. So with the human mind; stars of goodness and purity, of charity and benevolence, may shine brightly from the firmament of their glory, while other qualifications may be enshrouded in the mysticism of the age.

Then how truly essential is it that all should strive, by the severest practice, to deal gently and kindly with the faults of another, and not magnify a wrong by the harsh criticism of ingratitude, nor by the judgment of unkindness decide upon the merits or demerits of any heart;

for each possesses a want of the cultivation of *some* principle and quality of the soul; and if we find fault with others, let us also find equal fault with ourselves, and perchance, by so practically doing, we may brighten our hearts and make their chords of goodness echo in ineffable concord with the higher unfoldments of kindness and gentleness, and send to heaven better representatives of this limited yet beautiful world.

Truly, E. C. DAYTON.

For the Age of Progress.

BYRON, August 25, 1856.

BROTHER ALBRO:

You were kind enough to call the attention of your readers to our Grove Meeting, which occurred yesterday and day before; and perhaps some interest may be felt with regard to the result. Therefore I present you with a brief outline of what we consider to have been a rich mental and spiritual feast.

These meetings, you recollect, were to be on Saturday and Sunday. The morning of Saturday dawned dark and rainy, as though to illustrate the dark and gloomy condition of the theological world; but as meridian approached and friends began to gather in from the surrounding country, the horizon began to brighten, and the weeping of the clouds ceased, in time for quite a large assemblage of earnest seekers after truth, to meet in the grove in the afternoon. That mental giant and spiritual war horse, S. J. FINNEY, was with us, and gave a very able discourse in the afternoon, which was but an earnest of what was to come on the next day. Before the close of the exercises, the sun shone forth with apparent smiles of approbation, and we were cheered by the hope that, on the following day, the weather would be propitious.—Just at the close of the afternoon services, we were all made glad by the appearance on the ground of A. J. DAVIS and wife, and a number of other highly esteemed friends, who had been detained from uniting with us in the afternoon exercises, by the descending showers.

But what was our dismay to find, on Sunday morning, that during the night the horizon had been again clothed with weeping clouds, which betokened a day of disappointment. But about ten o'clock the sun again began to smile upon us, and we were made glad by bright prospects of a good day coming; and in this we were not disappointed; for the hungering and thirsting masses, from the surrounding country continued to pour in until the number reached between two and three thousand. Had the weather been favorable on both days, undoubtedly it would have been more than doubled. The services of the day were commenced by a musical entertainment, by Mr. PLUMB and his associates, who cheered the multitude by appropriate pieces, at intervals, during the day.

We were addressed, in the forenoon, by Brother FINNEY and Sister DAVIS, and in the afternoon by Brothers STEBBINS, DAVIS and FINNEY, and by Sister DAVIS. And I may safely say that such a display of talent has never been exhibited in this locality. The efforts were each and all crowned with triumphant success, and, with scarcely a dissenting voice, met with hearty responses from the large and attentive audience. The exercises were continued for near six hours, with an interruption of only 30 minutes; and yet the attention of the audience was so constant and undeviating that perfect order was maintained until the close.

This has been a glorious occasion for seekers after truth, in this vicinity. Our hearts have been made to rejoice exceedingly. We have had the privilege of taking by the hand many of our brothers and sisters, who, like us, have launched their hopes of immortality upon the new gospel of spiritual communion—who have been called upon to stem the tide of popular prejudice and ridicule, but feeling an inward consciousness of the truth and eternal justice of their position, have struggled on, with a bright assurance of being understood and appreciated at no distant day. These hopes are beginning to be realized; and this meeting has brought to our hearts a glorious assurance of still brighter successes in the future. We have been cheered to mental ex-

ertion by the argumentative discourse of Brother STEBBINS; have been made to weep by the gentle soul-eloquence of Sister DAVIS; have been caused to reflect upon principles, and causes and effects, by the philosophical discourse of Brother DAVIS, and have been cheered on to deeds of noble daring, by the sweeping and overpowering eloquence of Brother FINNEY.

We were much disappointed by not having the pleasure of the co-operation of Brother FORSTER and presence of yourself and many others, from Buffalo, but our disappointment was not as great as your loss. The impression left upon the minds of the masses, here, is of a very favorable character. The occasion called out many investigating minds, who could appreciate the arguments presented, and who, to-day, "are almost persuaded to be" Spiritualists.

Yours for the cause of Truth and Progress,

J. W. SEAVER.

We are authorized, by Brother SEAVER, to say to our readers, that on account of the lateness of the season, and the improbability that the weather will admit of an out-door meeting, at the time—five weeks hence—to which the meeting was adjourned, it was resolved, on reconsideration, to recall that appointment.—There will, therefore, be no such meeting held there at that time.

Little at First, but Great at Last.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased, in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scoop'd a well
Where weary men might turn;
He wall'd it in, and bung with care
A ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He pass'd again—and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small—its issue great;
A watch-fire on the hill—
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust—
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO EDITOR.
THOMAS GALES FORSTER,

Corresponding Editor and Agent.

OFFICE OVER STEPHENSON'S JEWELRY STORE, 200 MAIN ST. SECOND STORY.

TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance. Single copies, five cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.—For one square of ten lines, one insertion, \$1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, \$10.

THE AGE OF PROGRESS IS

Published every Saturday, by Murray & Baker, No. 200 Main Street.

NOTICE.

The proprietors of the Age of Progress offer the following inducements to clubs and to all who are interested in the cause of Spiritualism:—

Any person forwarding to us four subscribers with the subscription money enclosed (\$8.00) shall be entitled to the fifth copy.

Clubs of 20 sent to one address.	\$25.00
" " 10 " " " "	15.00
" " 8 " " " "	12.00
" " 5 " " " "	8.00
" " 3 " " " "	5.00

The above figures are, of course, confined to yearly subscribers in advance.

Good and efficient men are wanted to act as Agents for the Age of Progress, to procure subscribers, to whom a liberal discount will be given.

All communications and letters of business concerning the Age of Progress must be addressed to the proprietors, Messrs. Murray & Baker.

To Our Patrons.

We deem it proper to notify those of our subscribers who have paid for the present volume, and nothing beyond, that their subscriptions will have run out when they receive **WHOLE NUMBER 104**, which closes the second volume. We give this notice, thus early, that they may renew their subscriptions before that number is issued, which will be on the 4th day of October next. We have no friends to spare, and should be sorry if we should have to drop any, for want of promptness.

Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

On Sunday last, according to previous announcement, the spirit of **STEPHEN R. SMITH** took possession of the organism of brother **FORSTER**, in the afternoon, and commenced a discourse, the subject of which was the text: "And he threw down the pieces of silver in the temple and departed, and went and hanged himself." He also read the other text, which says of **JUDAS**, that, "falling headlong, he burst asunder in the midst, and all his bowels gushed out."

The principal objects aimed at by the lecturing spirit, were to free the minds of Bible readers from the prejudice imbibed against **JUDAS**, for the act of betraying his master; to furnish an apology for him, as far as a true understanding of the circumstances of the case would admit; and to defend the Bible against the imputation of direct contradiction and falsehood, in these two conflicting accounts. He did not enter upon the more abstruse and interesting part of the subject, in the afternoon, but confined himself to preliminaries, such as the history of the advent of **JESUS**; his mis-

sion; his spiritualized nature; his moral purity, and his superior qualities as a spiritual medium; incidentally remarking that the harmonial or spiritual philosophy repudiates, as nonsense, the dogma that **JESUS** was the son of God, in any other sense than that which is applicable to all men; he having been generated according to the natural laws of propagation, and attributing his moral, intellectual and spiritual excellence to his superior natural organization, both exterior and interior.

A lucid exposition of the fallacy of ancient translations of language, which was illustrated by examples of perversion and obfuscation of meaning, and such applications and appeals to the audience as were suggested by their conditions and surroundings, which were plain to his unobstructed perception, concluded the first part of the discourse.

In the evening he introduced the latter part of his lecture by briefly recapitulating some of the more important points as discussed in the afternoon, which was rendered necessary by the attendance, in the evening, of many persons who did not attend in the afternoon. He then took up the two conflicting texts; went back to the Greek and Latin; examined the roots there found, and showed, with the power of profound erudition, the falsity and folly of those renderings which produced the discrepancy.

As regards the criminality of **JUDAS**, he reminded the audience that not only **JUDAS**, but all the twelve whom **JESUS** chose as his immediate disciples, as well as nearly all that portion of the Jewish people who looked upon him with favor, regarded him as the personage whom they had been looking for, who was expected to wrest the government of **JUDAS** from the Roman power, and reinstate their temporal kingdom. **JUDAS**, possessing a daring spirit, himself, and finding his master of too passive a disposition to push matters with his own energy, thought to thrust him into a position which he believed would bring to his aid the power of the populace, and produce a revolution which would result in his being crowned king of the Jews, and he would, sure enough, sit upon the temporal throne of father David. Hence, the celestial lecturer, commended the much abused **JUDAS** to the charitable sympathy of those who have been taught to execrate him, as one whose error was the sin of misconception, rather than of evil intention.

The true interpretation of the original text, which has been rendered into that nonsensical stuff which constitutes the text last cited, according to the lecturer, is that **JUDAS** was so grieved at the result of what he had incautiously, but innocently done, that it produced the effect which is characterized as the breaking of a heart. The language, he said, could not be so translated as to retain the original meaning; and in attempting to render a figurative expression into another language, literally, the translator had committed a blunder which had not only perverted the original meaning, but rendered the account supremely ridiculous.

He alluded to the oft repeated asseverations of the orthodox, that spiritualism aimed at the total falsification of the bible, and called upon all who heard him to bear witness that lecturers from spirit life can and do sustain the truths of the biblical record, in cases in which the whole orthodox world failed to redeem them from the generally conceded imputation of falsehood.

He called the attention of the audience to the act of suicide committed by **JUDAS**, and drew a picture of a suicide, on entering into the spirit world, which must have caused every nerve in the hall to thrill with horror. We do not believe it practicable for

any mind who heard that part of the lecture, ever to form a determination to commit suicide, under any circumstances whatever.

He adverted to the charge which is frequently made against the spiritual philosophy, by its orthodox opposers, that it superinduces the commission of suicide. Of all philosophies and all faiths that ever were taught or entertained, by men or angels, he deemed the Harmonial philosophy the least likely to induce a disposition to suicide. He appealed to all who heard the voice of the medium, to say if angelic teachers ever failed to inculcate the duty of so living as to protract the earth life to the longest possible period, that the spirit may be rendered ripe for the transition, and the form fall off without a struggle. And he concluded with a rebuke to those spiritualists who manifested impatience for the hour of change to come, which they will remember till that hour arrives, if no longer. He condemned such a spirit as cowardly—as shrinking from the task of duty which God requires of them—as wishing to desert their post and leave undone that which legitimately pertains to their mission, and go to the spirit world without the certificate which entitles them to the plaudit, “Well-done good and faithful servant.” He held that it was neither brave nor honorable for mortals to seek for release from the duties of life, till nature is ready to discharge them, and the angel world is ready to receive them.

Let the reader understand that we do not pretend to give the language, nor but few of the ideas of the lecturing spirit. As a whole, the discourse was one of those masterly and powerful productions, which are always more spoiled than beautified by painting.

For the Age of Progress.

Mediumship.

The human organism is by nature manifold and medial. Or, in plainer terms, perhaps, it is that wonderful series of tissue and interstice, which lead the more and more insensate man up the winding stairway of creation, into the fine consciousness and harmony of the more and more sensate universe. Now as exterior and interior conformations are greatly varied in every individual; and as each individual is himself remarkably modified by conditions and circumstances; the lore of the spheres, at present, descends to you, through an infinitely varied instrumentality, from sources themselves infinitely various. Hence the wonderful variety, already “manifested” in the first feeble phase of the divine down-sending of the spheres.

We are now prepared to communicate an important fact. There is no intelligence under or above the sun, who cannot modify his personal circumstances and conditions, at his own option. In other words, a man *can* be what he *will*. Media, therefore, *can* be what they should be, if they desire it, and resolve it. Media, like all other men, *can* be what *suits them best*. This truth, alone, must shed glad visions of hope and human felicity upon the soul that is dark, and dark with despair. For although our achievements have been considerable in comparison with what the earth had hitherto attained, we have had but faint earnest of the morrow. A day cometh, magnificent and radiant with the triumphs of Truth and the glories of Revelation.

The phenomena of the last few years, known under the general name of “spiritual manifestations,” were intended to arrest and retain the attention of mankind; and it has been done. Yet again, are we rushing on to another and a nobler epoch than the present. The first phase of mediumship has been as *material* and *physical* as possible, for it was necessary. With the more progressive intellect, however, this phase has already become obsolete; and it is highly desirable, that it may as rapidly become obsolete with all, as is consistent with their advanced ability. We address ourselves to the general class of persons;

who are called “media,” and not to those scarce and sparse minds, who are but few, indeed, but who are the happy subjects of a high intellectual inspiration.

For we, of all others, grieve to see this general class deriving the greater share of their endowments, and many of their hopes from the dusky temples that slumber on the lower and less enlightened planes. Let us remember in the sincerity of our regret, that this *has been* to a certain extent *unavoidable*; but let us not forget, in the sincerity of our regret, that this order of media has, already, become by far too numerous. It is as the voice of one wild and strong, roaring in desert places. It must be taken; it must be tamed. Already it is fraught with truant pranks and mischiefs. It needs judicious usage, and parental discipline. We must endow it with the amulets of Wisdom, or it will grow to be a monster. The justness of this apprehension becomes more and more manifest every day and everywhere. It becomes manifest from recent occurrences in this city, and in other cities. We write, then, to propose to the Harmonial Brotherhood this timely sentiment.

Media must no longer be left to “grow up wild,” unless it is also desired that they shall “*run wild*” after they are grown up. We must teach media not to be apes, before we can teach the wise not to be fools. Let us immediately undeceive the good woman, Mrs. Silly-soul, —who is for the nonce “a rapper,”—of the prepossessing opinion, that General George Washington has *ever* rapped during by-gone nights under and over her cherry leaf tea-table, as she vehemently claims, in response to the aforesaid lady’s queries, quandaries and minimums.—Let us also impress the good man, Mr. Silly-soul, not to deduce too many of the “conclusions and inferences” in his “forthcoming work” on Spiritualism, *solely* from the purported Revelations of General George Washington, or indeed of any one *else*, through the good natured instrumentality of the aforesaid well-meaning, and perhaps truth-loving Mrs. Silly-soul.

All media must learn to entertain the guests, whom they cannot see, with far nicer discrimination, than those who are rendered more obvious by the forms of physique. Let us *demand* of all media that they be tools no more, but men. Let them learn to enlighten the ignorant, and reform the vicious, as well as to profit themselves from mismanagement and imposition. Let them learn, *each to be his own master*. Let no medium do *anything*, because Pocahontas, or any other Indian, or any other Spirit, developed or undeveloped, may direct; unless his own good judgment, his own refined sensibilities entirely approve. Let all live under the guardian eye and arm of the safe maxim: “Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.”

We have said thus much, because of the prevalence at this time, of dark circles above, and still darker circles below; because there are hundreds of persons in the form, willed by thousands of ignorant and unfortunate creatures out of the form, whose duty it is to listen instead of to teach; and who are only stimulated to still greater excesses by the almost absolute privileges afforded them by the unwary and the unwise; because moreover, that if no standard of truth and excellence be consulted, *Error* must creep in to deform the fair Philosophy which the great and holy of the other life, would fain make familiar; and because misrepresentation, falsehood and scandal abound, arising wholly from the ill advised demeanor of mischievous and uncultivated men and women, both in and out of the form: especially because “the times” demand that culture and development, which the superintendence of the wise and good alone can give.

B. F. WILLSON.

—The DAVENPORT mediums left this city for London, C. W., on Tuesday last, to be gone some ten days or two weeks.

A WARNING TO GIRLS.

A little girl attending one of the schools in East Boston, died from excess of exertion in jumping the rope. She had jumped two hundreds times without stopping, and was immediately taken ill and died the next day.

For the Age of Progress.

Development.

Spiritual developments and revelations, as they now exist, have been a spontaneous growth, a rank and rude uprushing of wild herbs, plants and swift sprouting vines, in the midst of which we are also compelled to see a vast press of reeds, weeds, thistles and bulrushes in all the energy of luxuriance; all exhausting the resources of the soil from which they spring in the "abandon" and profession of their generation. Also, here and there, hidden and overwhelmed, the pale and occasional lilies of Poesy are discernible, standing with humble heads far below the great confusion of overgrowth. Here and there too, but only here and there, rises unamazed, the stout, sturdy and eternal plant of Truth; while in the nooks, and in the less frequented, though more favored places, grow the fair millennial flowers of true Wisdom and Philosophy. Is it not true that much of the fertility of these newly discovered realms will be misspent and misapplied, unless we substitute law for what has been hitherto, to a considerable extent, chance, and apply our knowledge to the gaiety and riotousness of this young vegetation? We have expressed a hope that, hereafter, media might not be left to "grow up wild," as they have been heretofore.

What then can be done? This paper will attempt to answer. At an early season and convenient place, should assemble delegations of the friends of mankind, from all places whatsoever, that have "delegations of the friends of mankind," whether in the heavens above or the earth below; for the purpose of eliciting an approximation, at least, to unity of effort out of the present chaos of progressive movements.—We are impressed by some of the guardian intelligences of this city and of this continent, that such an assembly, if well attended on our own part, would certainly be crowded from the spheres; and would, therefore, in itself be an epoch and an achievement. What can be done? is asked again. Verily is there such a dearth of things to be done? Let us unfold barely one of a thousand similar. Our convention could take into consideration this one great subject, viz: 'The Economy of Development. It could report, adopt and recommend the most elegant methods, and by judicious organizations, could deliver us from that mushroom philosophy, which has grown so high and obtained so widely in the darkness of the world.

Our poets, our philosophers, our savans, our rulers, our editors, our artists and our teachers must all be developed into a more sympathetic intimacy with the superior existence, before we can expect to draw down the sublime tastes and divine secrets of the more highly cultivated in either of their respective departments.

The leaders of mankind, those who, in a sense, are the heads and brains of the world, are to be gradually overcome, until they, also, can be hoisted into medial relations, and Spiritualism shall begin to sit in the higher places of trust, dignity and honor. For nothing but this can lead up the masses of mankind, and introduce the world into the opening glory of the millennial era.

Let us endeavor, then, to bring Spiritualism into repute with all of the ablest intellects of the age. To do this we must endow it with a dignity of character which hardihood itself will not dare to revile or traduce. The first step should be taken soon, and a medial school established, for the proper development of media in those peculiar walks to which they may be naturally adapted; entirely removed from the asperities, mischances and indiscretions, which at this time deform our best mediumships. The object attained would be to surround all, whose gravitation of soul is upward, with those refined conditions, in whose atmosphere the finest faculties of the soul may burst out in rhythmic array and undying bloom. Then, when we shall have "sharpened our instruments," and disciplined our own hearts, we shall hear of revelations which shall confuse the wise, and enforce the reverence of all; we shall acquire styles of truer wisdom and more divine philosophy; and we shall attain to a rarer finesse in the etherial beauties of the finer arts and literature. It is but too apparent, that in the present unorganized conditions of our relations with planes above, that

mediumship is obliged to partake of a pernicious variety of the "ills, which flesh is heir to," and it must not therefore be expected, as yet, to present the highest intellectual triumphs. Both psychal and physical laws govern the medial development of our race, which must be learned and must be obeyed. And if, from the nature of the case, universal knowledge cannot be speedily diffused upon a subject so abstruse, it should, at least, be profoundly understood by those medial masters, who are to move the minds and mould the destinies of mankind.

Media must not be left to "grow up wild." The mischievous influences of the ignorant and indiscreet, must be banished from our private and public circles. Three Devils must be cast out, *Scandal, Falsehood and Reproach.* The vulgar and overweening contempt, prejudice and derision of a servile world, must be expelled. "They know not what they do."

B. F. WILLSON.

The Dream of Atticus.

IN A LETTER FROM ATTICUS TO MARCUS, SON OF CICERO.

I do not know of any thing, my dear Marcus, which puzzles me more, whenever I think of it, than the nature of dreams; how strangely and how variously they affect our minds! Sometimes they lift us up, in pleasing flutterings, through the air, and sometimes entangle us between waters that swell around us on every side. How they lead us over a variety of verdurous lawns and meadows, enamelled with flowers, and then leave us on a sudden, under impending rocks, in some gloomy cavern, solicitous, and unknowing of any way by which we may return. Their most common character is, to be confused and incoherent, and they will, on some occasions, carry us through a series of actions, much more consistent than most of the Milesian stories, which some of our young ladies are so fond of reading; in short, they sometimes represent the operating of the mind, by a fury from Hell, and at others, they are like visions sent from Heaven to encourage us in our misfortunes, or to inform us of events that are to come. It was a dream of this last kind, that I had, the night after I was with you, at Tusculum, which, though partly made up of my own thoughts in the preceding day, seems to me to have, also, something of divine in it; we had been talking so much of your dear father, and his last departure from this place, that after I had left you I felt a gloominess upon my mind, which grew more and more oppressive, all the way, as they were driving me towards Momentum. Soon after I had arrived at my Villa, I took a walk into the gardens, hoping to divert some of the melancholy that lay so heavy upon my thoughts, but they had lost all their pleasingness; I thence returned into my house and went into the gallery, so lately fitted up for my favorite pictures. But all proved as unavailing; instead of wandering from one interesting subject to another, as I at first intended, my attention was soon entirely attached to the grand piece of the imaginary future World, by Polignotus [Pausanias gives a very partial account of this picture, which seems to have been one of the noblest of the kind, ever painted] which you used to admire so much, and among all the different compartments, in which I ordered it to be copied, I was most taken by that where Phocus is introduced in the shades, recognizing his friend Jasens, from the ring he sees on his finger, of which, he, himself, had made him a present, in their lifetime.

After contemplating, for some time, that most excellent expression of the passions in their faces, I could not help bursting into a sudden sigh, and crying out, ah my Cicero! when I come into the other world, surely I shall know you again, without the help of any token! After a long train of reveries of this kind, and a very short supper, I went to seek that repose which the time of the night, and the uneasiness of my thoughts, made so desirable to me, but I was hardly got well asleep, when methought, I was walking pensively, in a gloomy grove, and as I was still indulging in my former melancholy in it, on a sudden a pleasing gleam of light, shot through the dark recess, and increasing each moment, still more enlightened the place on every side, when lo! our

dear Cicero stood just by me, but, in a form, larger than when we used to converse with him, and with an increased air of majesty on his countenance.

Nothing ever gave me so much pleasure, even when he was living, as the sight of him *now* did.

"Where, my dear friend," cried I, "have you been, these three tedious years, that we have been seeking for you? I thought, but now I see, you are living, and ready to receive the embrace, I have been so often wishing for."

"I am living," replied he, "my Atticus, and in a much truer and nobler life, than when we lived on this earth together — calm your thro'ts and attend well to the things which I have to say, for they are of the highest importance to you. You know, already, my dear Atticus, what my thoughts were in relation, both, to the former and the latter life, from the frequent conversations we have formerly had on those subjects, and more particularly still, from the treatise, which I addressed and sent to you, the year before my departure, in which they are mentioned as the greatest and noblest consolation for good men in their old age; the strong assertions, you know, of Pythagoras and his followers, and the doctrines of Socrates, the wisest of men, and of his best disciples, Xenophon and Plato, had long since, united together, to confirm me in those elevated thoughts.

"I nourished and strengthened them in my own mind, and made them the motives and incitements to my greatest actions, for who, as I used sometimes to say, would take such pains to shine in all the arts of eloquence, to read philosophy in triumph from other countries into his own, or even to save the state in any the most perilous crisis, did he not expect to enjoy glory, and the reputation of his good deeds, for a much longer space of time, than the narrow and mean boundaries that are set for his life in this lower world? [The Christian precept, to do good because it is good, without respect to any considerations of gain or glory, temporal or eternal, Cicero knew not.] That which I then only imagined, I now find to be most true; I enjoy that great and glorious assembly of deserving heroes, I meet often and converse happily with the Bruties, and with the Deceii, with the Scipios, and with that Cato, whom I introduced to speak my own sentiments to you; in a word, with all that have saved or benefitted, or adorned our own country, and with all the greatest legislators, and noblest philosophers, not only of Greece, but of all nations over the face of the whole earth, and lo! I see a new and greater light approaching that eclipses all that ever went before! The Great Bestower of all things, and Reviver of the Universe — [the Heathens at this time, and long before, and after, had expectations of a great restorer, who was to renew the happiness of mankind] — but hold! the immense love which I have for you, may, perhaps, have made me utter too much. Such, in part, as I was saying, were my expectations in this life, and when I step from this, into a great and unlimited line of life, it is impossible to tell you how great was my surprise and how great my happiness! the moment after I had held out my head to the assassin. How much am I obliged to thee, O! Antia-chus! in that instant, all that I had divined of happiness before was lost in the immensity I felt; to be freed at once from such a sea of storms and troubles, to recover the conversations and growing affections of all the worthy friends whom I had lost; to be received into that most august and most amiable assembly, to enjoy the presence and favor of that best and greatest Being, from whom they all derive all the excellence which they ever had, or can have, and all which taken together, in comparison to this, is not so much as a drop of water to the Ocean, but I will spare you the recital of further particulars, of which you cannot, possibly, have any idea in this world, which, like to a great flood of light upon the eyes, would overwhelm the mind, instead of enlightening it; let it suffice you, to be assured, that in the world of blessings, we enjoy much more, and much otherwise, than I am capable of expressing, or you of conceiving.

"The secrets of heaven are not made for the ears of mortal man; it must be left to the great teacher, Death, to instruct them in these les-

sons, but of this, I am allowed and commissioned to inform you, that our happiness here is great, and so general, that there is only one thing which can give any alloy to it, and that arises from the nature of the thing itself. As the eye of our minds is there enlightened to so high a degree, and the extent of our knowledge so immensely enlarged, we can, without difficulty see, and, without confusion, conceive everything when we point our attention towards it, for there are innumerable hosts of worlds around us, my Atticus, as you, yourself, will, in a few years know and see. It is this, which, at some painful intervals, makes my heart still bleed for thee, O! my distressed and enslaved country! It is this, which sometimes gives me pain, even in the midst of all my happiness, when I look down and see any of my friends, mourning and lamenting for what they, by the greatest mistake imaginable, in a melancholy tone, call my loss. I beseech you therefore, my Atticus, and through you, all our relations and friends, to spare me this inquietude, these interruptions to my happiness, from your immediate and groundless complaints and grief — suffer me, I beseech you, to enjoy my full portion of bliss unmixed and uninterrupted.

"The sorrows which you have too long and too frequently indulged, and particularly of yesterday, moved me with a feeling so strange for those interesting abodes, that it obliged me to beg permission, even of quitting the place of happiness for a space of time, which, though only as a point there, is much too long to be absent from it, in order to entreat you, and my other friends, to spare both yourselves and me. I return to it, with the breaking morn, and shall soon meet you again on your journey thither. In the mean time, think not of my absence from you, without thinking at the same time, of the immense happiness that I enjoy; and cease even to fling any clouds over it, by your unreasonable concern for me."

As he spoke this, he began ascending, and I awoke, but the sweetness of his voice was still sounding in my ear. Surely this must have been more than a dream merely human! I feel a new turn of mind, a new cast of thoughts from the divine vision; and it has given me much relief; and I hope, my Marcus, that you and my other friends will partake, at least in some measure, of the great use and comfort it has afforded to me.

—We should like to know what has become of the consciences of our fruit dealers. Peaches at four cents and apples at three cents a piece, are eminently suggestive of a lack of this article among venders. Would it not be well to institute a search in the Arctic regions of these men's natures, in order to discover if there are any traces therein of such a thing as a moral sense?—*Newark Mercury*.

We know not what the success of such an exploration might be in New Jersey; but here, in western New York, when we have determined on deglutinating one of those precious morsels, we "institute a search" in regions less remote, for four or five *copper cents*. A fruit-dealer's conscience, indeed! What fogysim!

THOROUGHLY TANNED.

A few days ago, a man digging potatoes at Lynn, Mass., struck a hard substance, which he found to be the board cover of a vat, or a pit, and from which he hauled out a large quantity of tanned leather, in excellent condition. It was ascertained that a tannery had, many years ago, stood upon the spot, and had been burned down. For some time past the ground has been cultivated, and it is supposed the leather must have been in the vat at least seventy-five years.

—A life agreeing with divine truth opens the internal man. "Great peace have they which love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

Mr. G. C. Eaton, the Healing Medium.

All persons who require the services of this gentleman, will please leave their addresses with the editor of this paper, at 200 Main street, where he will call every day. *

The Child and the Man.

AN ORATION, DELIVERED BY DR. R. T. HALLOCK, ON THE FOURTH OF JULY LAST.

CONCLUDED.

Among the drollest toys that Yankee ingenuity has constructed for babies to play at religion with, was the "New England Primer." But Jonathan was a boy himself then, and worked after a pattern. He looks askance upon it now, somewhat, with a grin and a blush intermingled, as he asks himself whether the same "jack-knife" could whittle out such strange contrasts as his cotton-mills and that?

But Jonathan was an honest boy in those days, and willing to grow, and that saved him. If he can manage now to truck off, even at the pecuniary loss of "Deacon Giles' Distillery," the shams of this day for the sincerity of that, he will be safe yet, and not otherwise.

His woodcuts, setting forth how,

"In Adam's fall,

We sinned all,"

though but lame specimens of art, had an air of honesty about them which put his "wood nutmeg" to the blush, though vastly more "artistic." His attempt to blend theological dogmas with alphabetical doggerel, by way of mixing hell-fire with molasses, is ludicrous enough in all conscience, but far less humiliating and mischievous than his subsequent dilution of it with "apple-jack." He has far greater cause to blush for his "New England Rum" than for his "New England Primer"—for his "speculations in cotton" than for his speculations in theology.

It is noteworthy that, in this childhood of other days, there were types of the true man, and they were all revolutionists—Martin Luther, George Fox. Mistake him not, this latter, in his suit of leather.—He was a man, and stood high above the dynasty of childhood that encompassed him on every hand. A true democrat was he, declaring loudly above the din and turmoil of the nursery, that God did not dwell in bibles, nor in creeds, nor yet in curiously-carved cathedrals, but in the immortal spirit of man, who, in his own person, must be taught of the spirit, by the spirit, or he could never reach the stature of a man at all. That Christianity was a life, and not a creed; that the light for man's guidance was within his soul, and not in a book, and never can be.

Could that man have been understood by the Church, all its natural and necessary changes, as well as those of the state, could have been effected without revolution. A man who sees by the light of heaven reflected in his own soul, cannot go essentially out of the way; but a man with a chart of the way in his pocket, may fall into a ditch in sheer absence of the necessary light to examine it. But, few were the ears that could hear that man, and the eyes that could see him; and of such as did, the most soon grew dull and dim; and so the misrule went on, and revolution repeated itself, and will, until man governs the child, instead of the child the man.

What is to come, or what can come, from that theology which knows nothing of the soul of man and its needs, save what it misreads in books, but disasters—disaster to church and state? And yet with this danger imminent, among the controlling forces of all our vaunted institutions, sacred or profane, there is not heard the voice of a man! True, there are men in the land—there is manhood in your American Senate; but where? Why, prostrate on its floor, while childhood stands over it with a bloody whip!

Brooks, though greatly less than a man, is not a devil; he is a child. There was not enough of reason in him to comprehend that he was dealing slavery and himself the far heavier blow. The ancients expressed this imbecility by saying, "Whom the gods meant to destroy, they first made mad."

It is a bitter pill to swallow—the deeds of this year, mingled with the memories of this day. There will be a turning from it with disgust and loathing; for, from the blood of the cross to this hour, no drop of

deeper significance was ever pressed from human veins; and history will shriek, and go into hysterics, and point at it with a finger of fire, and wonder (being mostly learned in the outside of things) why it is that the first blood in all American revolutions comes from New England veins, and smells so strongly of the Puritans.

But it is to be presumed *we* will not go into hysteria; our concern is with the boy rather than the man; the man can take care of himself. Sumner never wrought so bravely for manhood as when he lay prostrate before the unreasoning anger of a child! The truth which man has from God, cannot be stricken down. When that form fell, the truth that animated it was more potent than before. That fall shook the land like an earthquake! It "rent the veil of the temple," where the divine spirit of Liberty was supposed to utter her inspirations, and demonstrated to all eyes and ears in the nation, that, what it had mistaken for such was mere nursery babble and imbecility.

This plantation specimen of humanity, Brooks, is well worth considering. Understanding him thoroughly, we master the whole problem which distracts the world to-day. The conclusion we come to as to what *he* is, determines exactly what *we* are. Our efficiency or inefficiency as patriots or reformers, is seen in the light which shows *him* to us.

Examining his antecedents, we find directly back of him a profession of democracy, and a practice of absolute despotism. Despotism, religious as well as social, in the Church as well as on the plantation.—There is no sect that is not despotic, either by direct disciplinary statute or by practice and doctrine. Take the Methodist Episcopal Church, for example. Now, until men can gather "grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles," they will find it difficult to gather political liberty from the thistle of theological despotism.

The men who were the most thoroughly efficient and directly instrumental in the establishment of American liberty, were infidels—not to God nor man, but to Church dogmatism. Paine, Jefferson, Franklin, had declared their independence of church creed before they published that other declaration of independence from George the Third. Without the one we never should have had the other.

A plant is simply an unfolded germ; you cannot sow despotism and reap liberty; hence the Church will have to digest as it best can, the mortification of thanking God for that liberty which she has the privilege of enjoying, solely through infidelity to herself.

Then, again, the democracy of Jefferson being but a pocket edition, for mere state purposes, of the broader liberty proclaimed by that other democrat, Jesus, is subject to the same law, which is, that only he who does the work, or lives the life of a doctrine, can by any possibility understand it. What, then, can the Brooks type of mankind know of law or of gospel—of liberty or of religion? Pray, what is Brooks, then?

The most childish, and therefore the most mischievous partisanship extant, is that of "*Saints and Sinners*." The American Senate is not so divided, but into boys and babies, three or four men, perhaps, and an old woman. But the men cannot be heard, and the *old lady* is afraid to speak, so, that verdant youth, *Young America*, has it all his own way. So young, in fact, is he, that while he burns his powder to-day in honor of Liberty, he has not the sense to blush for the mad violence with which he struck her down, and if he could, would banish her from the face of the earth forever! Very appropriately does he get drunk and make a noise in honor of Liberty; his mode of celebrating her birthday being the exact measure of his estimation of her value.

Now, if we compare carefully the church and state powers, we shall find that they play directly into each other's hands, and agree together like a voice and its echo. The one is governed by what is *not* in the Bible, and the other by what is *not* in the Constitution; each professing the while a profound reverence for both. In the name of democracy and the constitution, the one contends for the right of perpetual slavery for the serf, while the other, in the name of God and the Bible,

declares for the everlasting damnation of the sinner. The one makes a slaveholder of Liberty, the other of God! In the state, "leaving undone all that he ought to do," he calls *Legislation*. In the church he plumes himself on his piety by virtue of telling God every Sunday morning how well he has succeeded in *not* doing it. This he dignifies by the title of "worship." When a monstrous wrong is to be done, the one quotes the "Constitution," and the other the "Word of God." The one finds no warrant in *his* sacred document for the promotion of liberty; the other finds nothing in *his* against the extension and perpetuation of despotism. When interest demands it, there is no *wrong* that cannot be proved clearly *right* by the Constitution, and no right that is not as certainly wrong by the Bible. In this way they strengthen each other, and perpetuate the reign of misrule.

Such children do institutions make of men; in them we see a reversal of the established order of nature, and a sure presage of their downfall. No institution can traverse a law of nature and live. From small to great, from infancy to manhood, not from great to small, and from little to less, is her method, which these church and state institutions do idly all they can to reverse. Under their superincumbent weight the man grows weak as they grow strong. A chicken running about with a shell upon its back cannot grow—it must throw it off or die.

The great Quaker idea of personal communion with the spiritual and the divine, as embodied in George Fox, clothed the man with its own divine power. But the Quaker *inspiration* was of God, and the Quaker *institution* is of man; and now, where is the Quaker? Look for him and you find a hat—that is all! The institution having adhered to him like the shell to the back of the chicken, the Quaker is gone, and nothing but the shell remains to be seen.

The decay of manhood is ever in the ratio of the growth of the institution he exalts above himself. Are we not obliged to break up the crust of the earth when we would have the seed-germs sprout? It would be difficult for God himself to inspire a Quaker now; he stands protected by his hat. Once, it was easy enough; when he wore it as a mere convenience, the light shone through it; but as soon as he exalted it into an institution, it could resist the focal rays of the whole heaven. I have paid this compliment to the Quakers, because I was born one myself, and have taken them as an exponent of sectarian institutions, because no sect has stood so high or fallen so low.

The little life there is in what is called the Church is *ganglionic*—it lives because it cannot wholly die.

Now the Church is to a nation what the heart is to a man—the seat of its indwelling life. Disease there affects the body politic, as certainly as that of the heart does the body corporate. Volition is from affection. The Church represents the love of a nation, and the State its wisdom. But the popular church is a child altogether. The creed has crushed and cramped its limbs, so that when it would take a step in the right direction, it finds much difficulty. Great *boobies* occupy the places once filled by great *men*. They are the defenders of state rapacity and public injustice, where their fathers denounced it. For a state, cursed with the approbation and blessing of such a church, there is nothing left but to—go, and not stand too long, either, "on the *order of going*." The freedom of the one is like the religion of the other—*all on paper*. Under their mutual guardianship you may talk if you will of the liberty of the slaveholder, and of the inspiration of an apostle, but never of your own. To speak of liberty as a human prerogative, is "fanaticism." To speak of inspiration as a personal experience, is "infidelity."

Thus the Church having dwindled into an institution of mere forms the State, which stands related to it as the outside of a man does to his inside, shrunk into a mere party of *slave-drivers*. The soul that was once in it departed, and we have the body to bury, that it may not taint the air.

It is only the Church, like the heart which you do not see, that has life in it. The true Church is as invisible as the true God. The

Church that is alive can be inspired. An institution cannot be inspired. A wooden church is on a par with a wooden god, and reverence for either is idolatry.

What said that great abolisher of dead churches and of shams in general?—"Man cannot live by bread alone." Bread is perishable—it can only sustain a perishable body; but man has an imperishable life within him, and must have free access to "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" to sustain that life. And this "every word" (not merely the words spoken to Peter or to Paul; that is not enough; nor are they the "every word" that God has to say, by any means,) this "word of God," is received now, as of old, through a living inspiration; and this inspiration, therefore, is the "rock" on which the Church rests. The true Church, then, is *in* man, but not *of* him; and the worship thereof is a *life of uses*. Its prayers are deeds, and its offering is the ascending incense of its ripened virtues.

In the quaint old times they distributed what they called, "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Gospel;" as a compliment to which "crumbs," we must add in these days a *currycomb*, to scratch the shells off their backs. "crumbs," too, have become somewhat stale, and have been chewed for them so long, that the children have well-nigh lost the use of their own gums. The "milk of the *word*" has been so diluted with the water of *creed*, that it has soured on their stomachs, and turned to gas, with a disagreeable result.

To feed these children, to take the rod out of their hands and apply it to their backs, if need be, is the thing to be done. While the reason is in abeyance, authority must fill its place.

A modern artist has beautifully illustrated this on canvass. In Coles' "Voyage of Life," the first of the series represents an infant in a boat, with his guardian angel at the helm. The authority—the guiding power is vested in him. You are convinced on the first reflection, that to have placed it in the hands of the child, would have been an artistic blunder. That pulpy mass of feeble humanity—what power of guidance has it? The artist had to place an angel there, because he saw that *Nature* had done so. Blessed inspiration! how it immortalizes even the names of men! In the next picture, reason has commenced her reign; the youth has his own hand upon the guiding power. The angel stands upon the shore and waves him on—not with a rod, but with a blessing. The young immortal is free from *authority* forever.

Not so, while yet a child. At this point, good men often stumble. The Church having divided the world into "saints" and "sinners," with the scientific precision with which politicians divide the nation into "hard-shells" and "soft-shells," the stupid blunder sticks to them like a curse; and in the darkness which it engenders, they call folly "sin," and ignorance "crime." They take all bipeds above four feet high to be men, and to know better, because they do, and to be amenable to reason or moral suasion, because they are.

But Nature does not belong to the Church, and therefore does not recognize her profound distinction of parties. She has boys and girls, and men and women—man, in all stages of growth, but never a saint nor a sinner.

Jesus looked down from his cross upon children—not upon sinners, as we have been so long taught to believe—upon children, who "know not what they do;" and seeing their utter helplessness and want of ability to comprehend the simplest spiritual truth or fact, he paused in the midst of his dying agony to ask his Father's blessing for them!

Could the Church but exchange its stupid idolatry for that man, for a grain of wisdom with which to comprehend him, she might, with enlarged propriety, call him "Saviour!"

There was nothing left for those children but the authority of the Roman whip, by which all rale was scourged out of them. We may have to do the same thing with ours.

Now, that childhood stands at the helm of our "voyage of life" political, instead of an angel, take this extract from a political paper of the dominant party as one more proof. I quote from the *Richmond Enquirer* of June 9th:

"It is idle to talk of union, or peace, or truce with Sumner or Sumner's friends. Catiline was purity itself compared with the Massachusetts senator, and his friends are no better than he. They are all (we mean the leading and conspicuous ones) avowed and active traitors.—The sending the Congressional Committee to Kansas was done with the treasonable purpose of aiding the rebellion in that Territory. The black republicans in Congress are at open war with government, and, like their allies, the Garrisonian abolitionists, equally at war with religion, female virtue, private property, and distinctions of race. They all deserve the halter, and it is vain and idle to indulge the expectation that there can be union or peace with such men. Sumner and Sumner's friends must be punished and silenced. Government, which cannot suppress such crimes as theirs, has failed of its purpose. Either such wretches must be hung or put in the penitentiary, or the South should at once prepare to quit the Union. We would not jeopard the religion and morality of the South to save a Union that had failed for every useful purpose. Let us tell the North at once, if you cannot suppress the treasonable action, and silence the foul, licentious, and infidel propagandism of such men as Stephen Pearl Andrews, Wendell Phillips, Beecher, Garrison, Sumner, and their negro and female associates, let us part in peace. We would like to see modesty, female virtue, common morality, and religion independent of government. The experiment at the South, to leave these matters to the regulation of public opinion, works admirably. We are the most moral, religious, contented, and law-abiding people on earth, and are daily becoming more so."

Here we have childhood troubled with flatulency. Their petulance is as sincere as any condemnation of it can be. We have sent them many costly toys at great sacrifice of our own self-respect, to keep them quiet; but when was childhood ever satisfied? We have sent them little wooden imitations of senators, and cabinet ministers, and members of Congress, and gingerbread presidents, from which they invariably lick the molasses, and then throw away, or soil so badly, that no one but a *know-nothing* will touch them; and now they are not going to play with the other children any more, not even with their poor relations the "Doughfaces," unless they will behave better, but are determined to stay at home in future, and nurse their "chastity" and "religion." They might do a worse thing.

Denunciation, moral lectures, or argument is of no avail whatever with these little gentlemen; they are beyond the reach of all but the rod, and that at present they have in their own hands. It must be taken from them, or the day we celebrate is disgraced forever!

The type of the revolution of "76" was resistance to a three-penny tax on a pound of tea; that of the present is resistance to a *whip* in the hands of a *child*! It must be taken from him at whatever cost. *Talk* it out, *pray* it out, *vote* it out, or *knock* it out; only remember this, *out* it must come, by the one method or the other, or by all combined, for there can be no peace and no progress until it is done.

These babies belong in the A B C class, not to the *governing* class—to the halls of *elementary instruction*, and not to those of legislation. They are proficient at making mischief, not in making laws.—Their rule is an insult to nature—an insult to the memory of those brave men who gave their blood for *freedom*, not for slavery—an insult to all manhood, of whatever time.

Nature has signed the death-warrant of all such rule, and man must execute it without delay, or the office of high-sheriff will be taken from him. In the court of Nature, God delivers the opinions; hence, whatever is right by Nature cannot be wrong by theology. She is older than any church, and more perfect than any creed. To co-operate with her is to be "one with God." It is to inaugurate the supremacy of manhood—it is to transform religion into Christianity, and democracy into liberty. Paper constitutions, which mean nothing, and a paper gospel, which indorses every thing, will be "rolled together as a scroll" in the "fervent heat" of this revolutionary fire, and in their places will be "a new heaven and a new earth," with *children* in it who can grow

—with a *church* in it that can be inspired—with a *state* in it which will be free!

The new day has already dawned. Though the Church be without inspiration, the world was never so full of it. The rays of the spiritual sun are rapidly commingling with those of the physical, the one to illuminate and warm the soul, the other to develop the body. As the darkness rolls away, and the eye of prophecy grows clearer, in the place of these wooden creeds, iron despotisms, and India-rubber gospels, may be seen a land with liberty in every hamlet, and its love in every heart—a theology which gets its facts from Nature and its truth from God—a church whose walls are the living crystals of a divine humanity, and whose worship is the intelligent silence of inexpressible joy. Even now,

"Lo! the clouds roll away! they break, they fly!

And, like the glorious light of summer, cast

O'er the wide landscape, from the embracing sky,

On all the peaceful world the smile of Heaven shall lie."

TAKE NOTICE.

That we, the proprietors of this paper, have appointed S. J. FINNEY, Esq., our agent, to receive subscriptions and subscription fees, and to use the name of our firm in receipting the same.

MURRAY & BAKER.

NOTICE.

To all whom it may concern. Be it known, that we hereby revoke the authority which we gave to WILLIAM C. HUSSEY, to receive subscription fees for the *Age of Progress*, and to give receipts therefor, in the name of our firm.

MURRAY & BAKER.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

TWELFTH YEAR.—ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.—CASH PRIZES.—The Twelfth Annual Volume of this useful publication commences on the 13th day of September next.

The Scientific American is an Illustrated Periodical, devoted chiefly to the promulgation of information relating to the various Mechanic and Chemic Arts, Industrial Manufactures, Agriculture, Patents, Inventions, Engineering, Millwork, and all the interests which the light of Practical Science is calculated to advance.

Reports of U. S. Patents granted are also published every week, including Official Copies of all the Patent Claims, together with news and information upon thousands of other subjects.

\$1000—IN CASH PRIZES—will be paid on the 1st of January next, for the largest list of subscribers, as follows:—\$200 for the 1st, \$175 for the 2d, \$150 for the 3d, \$125 for the 4th, \$100 for the 5th, \$75 for the 6th, \$50 for the 7th, \$40 for the 8th, \$30 for the 9th, \$25 for the 10th, \$20 for the 11th, and \$10 for the 12th. For all Clubs of 20 and upwards, the subscription is only \$1.40. Names can be sent from any Post Office until January 1st, 1857. Here are fine chances to secure cash prizes.

The Scientific American is published once a week; every number contains eight large quarto pages, forming annually a complete and splendid volume, illustrated with several hundred original engravings.

TERMS—Single subscriptions, \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months. Five copies, for six months, \$4; for a year, \$8. Specimen copies sent gratis.

Southern, Western and Canada money, or Post Office Stamps, taken at par for subscriptions.

Letters should be directed (post paid) to
MUNN & Co.,
128 Fulton Street, New York.

Messrs. MUNN & Co. are extensively engaged in procuring patents for new inventions, and will advise inventors, without charge, in regard to the novelty of their improvements.
aug. 23. 98tf

FIRE AND INLAND NAVIGATION INS. AGENCY.

JOHN N. GARDNER,

Merchant's Exchange,

Buffalo, N. Y.

Insure all kinds of Property in First Class Companies.

Hulls, Cargoes and Inland Navigation risks, taken in the Corn Exchange Insurance Co., at Current Rates.

Corn Exchange Fire and Inland Navigation Ins. Co.

of New York.....Cash Capital, \$200,000

Washington Fire Ins. Co., of New York....." " \$200,000

Beekman Fire Ins. Co., of New York....." " \$200,000

Susquehanna Ins. Co., Albany....." " \$100,000

References.

P. L. STERNBERG, A. D. ELLIS, NILES & KINNIE, A. SHERWOOD & Co.
Wm. C. HUSSEY, Surveyor, JOHN N. GARDNER, Agent.